



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

the World," folio, with curious maps, 1671; "The New World of Worlds," "Phillip's Dictionary," 1706; "Dryden's Fables," folio, 1700; "Don Quixote," folio, 1687.

Of old manuscripts, although not paying especial attention to their collection, Mr. Wyman has a number of odd specimens. The preciousness of these same old tomes is shown by the family crests upon their fly-leaves, pointing to their transmission from generation to generation. "Horæ Marie Virginis" (the "Book of Hours of the Holy Virgin") is written upon vellum, illustrated with five large miniatures and has numerous colored initials. It is in the dialect of Westphalia, and dates about 1450. "Cantica Cantorum," manuscript on vellum and in original boards, fifteenth century, is a book of hours (devotions), apparently written for the use of the nuns of St. Cecilia at Hoern. "Oratorio Dominica" is the Lord's Prayer in forty-four different languages. There are other manuscripts to which Mr. Wyman attaches little importance.

Mr. Wyman possesses twenty different editions of Shakespeare. Pickering's diamond edition must be regarded as a curiosity only. There are nine volumes, the smallest ever printed. Pope's quarto of 1725, of seven volumes, is said to be the poorest edition extant—the most unreliable—and the reason given is, that Pope could not resist coloring the great dramatist with something of his own hue. A full set of fac-similes of the early quartos: Johnson and Stevens, of 1788, twelve volumes, which includes Rowe's Life; the Bankside, being a comparison, line by line, of the early quartos and the first folio; Boydell's plate edition of 1832—a curious edition—four pages of the text to each page, to utilize the smaller Boydell plates, are all of interest and of great value, but to the Shakespearian student the fac-simile and reprints of the first folio are of greater worth. There are four—a complete set of all now published. The Staunton folio of 1866, folio of 1808, Booth's reprint quarto, 1864, and one smaller reproduction of Staunton. The reproduction is done by photo-lithography. "Measure for Measure" and a "Midsummer Night's Dream" are originals from a broken copy of the folio of 1632 (the second folio). "Othello," quarto, the London edition, 1681, Boaden's (1824) and Wivell's (1827), books on the Shakespeare portraits, are each the author's own copies, with manuscript notes in the author's handwriting in each. A very curious old book is of scraps and illustrations, play bills and the like, which was purchased in London. Covent Garden and Drury Lane play bills, with the names of Mr. Kemble and Mrs. Siddons upon them, bring these old-day celebrities provokingly near. There are about 600 different portraits of Shakespeare in Mr. Wyman's library.

Other extra-illustrated works in Mr. Wyman's collection are La Fontaine's "Fables," quarto, illustrated by Gustave Doré (one volume extended to four), with several hundred illustrations from an old French work—the set bound in full brown morocco. "Autographs of Our Authors," Baltimore, 1864, quarto, full red morocco, with about 100 inserted portraits, and "As You Like It," folio copy from Knight, specially illustrated with scenery and portraits of actors and actresses.

But to Mr. Wyman's Bacon-Shakespeare library he owes his place in the literary world. A man may, in dilettante fashion, add books to his shelves or add illustrations to his books, but only the student delves into these books and into forgotten lore for the root which the book-worm feeds upon. He is the author of "The Bacon-Shakespeare Bibliography," a reference book of indisputable value to all interested in a discussion which gives to the nineteenth century what the "Letters of Junius" did to the century past. In the preface the author explains: "While personally entertaining no doubts as to Shakespeare's authorship, the compiler of this book believes that the discussion has its compensating features in inciting a study of the Shakespearian dramas and of the works as well of the dramatists and philosophers—in fact, the literary history—of the Elizabethan age." In compiling this work Mr. Wyman has collected his exhaustive library, which takes the controversy in its broad sense, including all doubts as to the authorship and all of the supposed authors. It is the most complete one in existence—in fact the only one that is complete. The next best is that of the Shakespeare Library in Birmingham, England. A copy, in some form, of the 463 titles listed in the Bibliography, are here, though some are, of necessity, typewritten or in manuscript. There are fifty scrap-books, containing over 4,000 different items, from a magazine article to a squib, and among them autograph letters from nearly all of the living writers on the subject. Among them are Judge Holmes, Appleton Morgan, Mr. Donnelly, Richard Grant White, A. A. Adey, William D. O'Connor, E. A. Calkins, William J. Rolfe, Mrs. Henshaw, of this country; Dr. Ingleby, William Henry Smith, Dr. Theobald, Sir Theodore and Lady Martin (Helen Faucit), Mrs. Pott, Mrs. Stopes, of England; Dr. Karl Müller, of Germany; Mr. Caldwell, of Australia;

Sir Patrick Fox and Rev. W. H. Gulliver, of New Zealand; Harry S. Caldecott, of South Africa.

A visit to Mr. Wyman's library—for everyone is cordially welcomed there, both by Mr. Wyman and his wife, who takes an interest in the controversy and who has assisted in so far as to make several very good translations of German works on the subject—is a treat no amateur in art or letters who may happen to visit Omaha can afford to deprive himself of.

OMAHA, Neb., June 10, 1892.

O. W. H.

## THE DEVIL'S LIBRARY

CONSIDERING that the Church has a literature of its own, there is no reason why the great enemy of the Church should not. Nevertheless, I was not aware that Satan owned so extensive a library specially dedicated to himself till I came upon an old-time catalogue of "the most valuable books relating to the Devil, his origin, greatness and influence." This catalogue covers forty pages with print, including over five hundred volumes, and does not profess to be anything like complete. It is introduced by the motto, "Fools deride—Philosophers investigate," and by four motto verses, including the fine epigram by Defoe:

Bad as he is, the Devil may be abused,  
Be falsely charged and causelessly accused,  
When men unwilling to be blamed alone,  
Shift off those Crimes on Him which are their own.

A series of introductory illustrations show the Devil as he has been variously delineated by various races. The Egyptian Devil seems to have been a cross between a dog and a hog, walking on his hind legs with the assistance of a staff. The Assyrian has a lion's body with wings, a scaly neck and a dragon's head with horns. The Cingalese Satan has two heads with tusks, four arms, sits on a colt and has venomous snakes climbing all over him. The French is the first of the old Devils to exhibit the combined traits so familiar to us now. He has horns, the ears of an ass, a goat's tail and rooster's claws, but his body and head are human, with bat's wings growing from the shoulders. This enemy of man is shown in the cut to be grinning in a most malignant and diabolical manner, and scattering gold around to tempt his victims within the clutches of his claws.

But Beelzebub has been represented in other and far more polite forms. There is a print from the illustrations of Goethe's "Faust," which shows him as a courtly gentleman, elegant in dress and polished in manners. It seems as if mankind, as it advanced in refinement, improved its great foe as it has improved, or at least refined, the vices with which it pays him tribute. Thus, in the thirteenth century, the English Devil was a horrible monster, with the distorted body of a man, the horned head of a bull, a docked tail like a hackney horse, only three fingers and toes on each extremity, spikes at its knees and shins like the spurs of a gamecock.

By Thomas Landseer's time, however, the artist had elevated him to a quite genteel sort of person, with a sardonic leer, but good clothes and an unblemished anatomy. Landseer—the brother of Sir Edwin, it should be stated—once made ten etchings, called "The Devil's Walk," which are very rare and valuable. The most industrious and extensive of all artistic glorifiers of his Satanic Majesty, however, has been George Cruikshank. That ingenious draughtsman has pictured him in every conceivable form, as long as it was hateful, for he has always been too conscientious to paint the Devil as an attractive being. "The True Legend of St. Dunstan and the Devil" is one of Cruikshank's most humorous works, and his "Gentleman in Black" is almost inimitable, as far as the unique grotesqueness of the plates is concerned.

The catalogue contains a choice assortment of proverbs applying to the ruler of the infernal regions. All are quaint and some are very curious indeed. Thus, one tells us "The Devil is good when he is pleased," another that "Satin is all Christianity," and another still that "the Devil is ever God's ape." "Tis a sin to belie the Devil," "An idle brain is the Devil's workshop," "Idle men are the Devil's playfellows," "What is gotten over the Devil's back is spent under his belly," "It's an ill battle when the Devil carries the colors," "He must have a long spoon that must eat with the Devil," "Where God builds a church, there the Devil builds a chapel," and "Hell and chancery are always open," are some odd sayings. Odder still are: "The Devil's meal is half bran," "Seldom lies the Devil dead in a ditch," and "Hell is useless to the sages, but necessary to the blind populace," which latter is a very true and philosophic statement indeed.

These are only a few of their kind. "Hell's prince, sly parent of revolt and lies," is one of many names applied to him. "Fear made the Devils, and weak hope the gods," and "The Devil tempts all, but the idle tempt the Devil," are among the statements laid down in these wise saws. One tells us, "Resist the Devil and he will flee from you;" and another, "He that takes the Devil into his boat must carry him over the sound." It is unpleasant to reflect that "Hell is wherever heaven is not," but the proverb says it is, and of course it must be so. A verse by an old English writer tells us

The Devil  
Is civil  
And mighty polite,  
For he knows  
That it pays,  
And he judges men right;  
So beware  
And take care  
Or your hair he will singe;  
And moil you,  
And soil you,  
And cause you to twinge.

Better poetry, though no better sense, is the following by Hone:

Good people all, who deal with the Devil,  
Be warned now by what I say!  
His *credit's* long and his tongue is civil,  
But you'll have the Devil to *pay*.

"The Devil, Satan, démons, hell, hell torments, magic, witchcraft, sorcery, divination, superstitions, angels, ghosts, etc.," form the subject matter of this diabolical catalogue.

The literature of the Devil includes probably some of the most curious book titles ever put in print. Imagine a drama called "Harrowing of Hell." Yet it is a miracle play, written in the reign of Edward II. It is a piece regularly constructed, with a sort of prologue and epilogue. After the prologue Christ enters and states his sufferings and design in descending into hell. Satan hears him and inquires who it is, lest he should "*fonden how we pleyen here*." The Saviour declares himself, and Satan argues with him on the injustice of depriving him of what he had acquired, and so they go on, Christianity of course triumphing in the end.

Other mystery plays are "The Descent into Hell," "The Divil Madde to Daunce," and "The Devil's Wife; or, Sin Wedded to Sin." A very curious work is "Letters from Hell," supposed to describe the suffering of a wicked victim in the red-hot Presbyterian inferno.

A satire, published in 1580, is George Gascoigne's "The Wyll of the Deuill, with his Detestable Commandementes, directed to his Obedient and Accursed Children." The most interesting part of this is its minute description of the vices of the time. If Gascoigne is a reliable witness, the Devil's children of his day must have been first-class devils themselves.

"The Diabe Lady; or, a Match in Hell," is a poem, "dedicated to the worst woman in Her Majesty's Dominions." Another poem is "The Tavern Hunter; or, a Drunken Ramble from the Crown (a tavern) to the Devil (another)." This latter effusion bears as a motto the following verse:

Not Vertue, or Wit, but more prevalent *wine*,  
Does mankind in friendly Societies join:  
We chuse not our friends now by honest behaviour,  
Or love 'em because they are Wiser or Braver.

Other works of a mirthful character are "A Sure Guide to Hell," by Beelzebub; "The Praise of Hell—or a View of the Infernal Regions; its antiquity, situation and stability, manners, customs, etc.;" "The Devil in America; a dramatic Satire;" "The Devil's Mushrooms," which a Pope is alleged to have eaten; "A Pleasant Historie; How a Devil (named Rush) came to a Religious House to Seeke a Service"—which is described as "being full of pleasant mirth and delight for the people," and an appendix to the "Sure Guide to Hell," "being a vindication of the common practice of cursing and swearing, by Belial." "The Devil's Memorandum Book" was published in London in 1832. It had eighty illustrations, mostly caricature portraits of public characters. In 1831 was published "The Devil's Walk," a poem by S. T. Coleridge and Robert Southey, the first verse in which reads:

From his brimstone bed at break of day,  
A-walking the Devil is gone,  
To visit his snug little farm on earth,  
And see how his stock goes on.

This, by the way, was the work illustrated by Landseer.

## STYLE IN ART

I am in receipt from a subscriber of the following query:

I notice that in all the art criticisms I read in the papers and magazines, the writers have a great deal to say about style. Every Tom, Dick and Harry, who paints a landscape or a seascape or an "impression" of a dead fish and a brass kettle, is credited with having a "distinctive style" or something of the sort. Now what I would be gratified to know, is, what the style in art really is? What was the style of Corot, for instance, and what is the style of—well, not to be invidious, any of the landscape painters who have succeeded him, either in France or anywhere else? It seems to me this question would be worth a paragraph or two in your paper which would be of interest and value to all sincere collectors, students and lovers of art.

\* \* \*

There are some terms in the written criticism of art which have become so obscured by persistent and ignorant misinterpretation and misuse that it is no wonder they puzzle even the most intelligent layman. The difficulty is that your average critic cannot distinguish between style and mannerism—which is really the difference between original inspiration and imitative education. To take a familiar illustration: two men, of the same stature and general gentility of appearance, have dress suits made out of the same material, in the same pattern, by the same tailor. They get their shirts of the same shirtmaker, their boots of the same bootmaker, and yet one of them impresses you with his elegance while the other doesn't. It is not the clothes which we must credit or blame, but the men who wear them, and the one who wears them best is he who does so as if he had been born in them and had not donned them for the occasion. To pursue this simile into art, I can only say that style is the full dress of art. It is the unconscious creation of the artist, it is his way of doing things, not as any man may learn to do them, but as a man does them under personal confidence in himself. He doesn't think about the way he is painting, but paints according to his feeling for his work, and in proportion as his feeling goes his work has a style of its own which is distinctive.

\* \* \*

To speak of Corot, for instance, is to speak of grand style in painting; and yet no one was less of a pedant, less of a mere mechanician, or more in sympathy with his subjects. Few men in any art have comprehended so clearly what they wanted to do, and have done it with so little sign of labor, fuss and pretension. His serene and well-balanced mind, his fine judgment, his exquisite perception, and his delicate sense of symmetry of form and color are supreme. To them he owed the ability to render the most simple subject dignified. Through them he elevated the familiar landscape of France—of the very suburbs of Paris in fact—into the realm of the ideal; converting the cheap Arcadia of the bourgeois-Sunday-picnicker into the Arcadia where Pan piped and nymphs and dryades danced on the turf enameled with flowers.

\* \* \*

The style is the man—that is to say, the manner of an artist's work, is the reflection of his manner of thought. An artist, like any other man, just gets a vague sentiment from looking at a scene. When he would represent it on canvas his imagination conjures up an image which is original and convincing according to his natural sensitiveness of soul. According to the man's nature, form, color, tone, etc., enter into this conception in varying proportions of importance. Taste, technical skill and special feeling for his special subject, then enable him to carry out his design in keeping with the sentiment of his original impression. He makes the pattern of his picture to suit the scene, and just so far as imagination, treatment and technique co-operate, his work rises in the standard of art to its proper position of greatness. All the technical training in the world, by itself, cannot produce style in art. It can only produce mannerism; a set way of doing things mechanically, and without feeling one's work. On the other hand, a deficient technician may become a great stylist, if his art has a heart and soul above the level of his palette.

\* \* \*

The great charm of Corot's style is its perfect simplicity. He had no need to explain his art with long words and vague pretensions to symbolism, to profundity, to divine missions and to superior morality. His work explained itself, being at once so satisfactorily suggestive of being finished, and yet so free from troubled and embarrassed detail. His canvases seem empty only to those who call nothing a fact that is not enclosed in a hard outline and loaded with minute facts; who turn a deaf ear to suggestions of atmosphere and the vastness of space. The magic of landscape